

Space Monkey

Patti Smith

Blood on the T.V., ten o'clock news
Souls are invaded, heart in a groove
Beatin' and beatin', so outta time
What's the mad matter with the church chimes? Here comes a stranger up on Ninth Avenue
Leanin' green tower, indiscreet view
Over the cloud, over the bridge
Sensitive muscle, sensitive ridge of mySpace monkey, sign of the time, time
Space monkey, so outta line, line
Space monkey, sort of divine
And he's mine, mine, all mine Pierre Clementi, snot full o' cocaine
The sexual streets, why it's all so insane?
Humans are running lavender room
Hoverin' liquid, move over moon for mySpace monkey, sign of the time, time
Space monkey, so outta line, line
Space monkey, sort of divine
And he's mine, mine, oh he's mine A stranger comes up to him
Hands him an old, rusty Polaroid
It starts crumbling in his hands
He says, "Oh man, I don't get the picture
This is no picture, this is just, this just a, this just a"" This is my jack-knife, this is my jack-knife
This is my jack-knife, this is my jack" Rude excavation, landin' site, boy hesitatin', jack-knife
He rips his leg open, so out of time
Blood and light runnin', it's all like a dream
Light of my life, he's dressed in flame
It's all so predestined, it's all such a game for mySpace monkey, sign of the time, time
Space monkey, so outta line, line
Space monkey, sort of divine
And it's all just space, just space There he is, up in a tree
Oh, I hear him callin' down to me
That banana-shaped object ain't no banana
It's a bright, yellow U.F.O.
And he's coming to get me, here I go Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up
Oh, goodbye mama
I'll never do dishes again
Here I go from my body
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha help

Songwriters

Tom Verlain; Ivan Kral; Patti Smith Published by

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